The Taming of Mr. Leigh package Ralston

package Ralstoniner, Cheney led an un-Raisto wn several cases of more more more was packa, cause the blood to quicken Ralstins. He was becoming afpounth ennul when he was placed

y and skill. The first and littles Col. Chency had; they pherent in him. The second rd, however, were somewhat developed. The nature of the ed not be mentioned here, save it required Cheney to be disand took him south, New ns being his objective point. tey always was a gentleman, so as no disguise to act the part; but as his work took him south, he assumed the part of a southern planter who was just returning from a

trip north. Dyes made his hair and mustache jet black; walnut fixed his complexion to suit; and taken all in all, Col. Jack Cheney was quite impressively good looking when he coarded the New Orleans sleeper at Memphis. He had come by boat from St. Louis.

It was in early summer, and travel south was not very heavy. Yellow fever had not been conquered then. as now, and every so often the Stegomyia got very busy and a fever epidemic was the result. Neither were Pullman sleepers such luxur ant palaces on wheels as in the presout day. There were only four other people in the car Magenta as the train left' Memphis, Cheney took them all in, two single ladies and a man and his wife. Cheney's section was near one end of the car, and that occupied by the man and his wife at the other end. The man soon showed

signs of liquor. In the smoking car he proffered Cheney a beautiful flask with the usual salutation: "Have a drink, stranger." "Thanks, no," said Cheney, "Too

"That the only reason?" Just faint suggestion of a sneer accompaniod this.

warm this evening."

"That's the only one I care to offer right now," said Cheney, his blue eyes becoming steely gray. The stranger was a big man, phys-

scally. He had long jet black hair, parted way over on one side, and his eyes were the same color. His

"Well, there's no harm done; here's

gave a street address in New Orleans. Chency thought a minute, and then the gambling district in New Oramong the gamblers named Fred Leigh. This was evidently the

Presumably Leigh thought the mere sight of his name would thoroughly cow the stranger, and perhaps he would give him his card in return. But Cheney did nothing of the kind; he merely bowed, and curtly said "Thanks," then returned to his seat in the car.

During the evening Leigh imbibed in animated conversation with his wife. Angry words passed between them. Chency kept his eyes and ears open, but nothing untoward happened which would warrant his interfer-

his drinking, and by 10:30 was ugly drunk. The conductor and porter did nothing to keep him quiet; in fact, they informed Cheney that Leigh was a bad man. They knew him well, and, as the porter expressed it: "Ef any one crossed Mistah Leigh, he was turrible bad." Chency had seen "turrible bad" men a plenty in his day, and knew that generally there was a streak of yellow in their makeup if some one had nerve enough to bring it out.

Quite a number of passengers had boarded the train since leaving Memphis, and about 10:35 in the morning Mr. Leigh staggered up the isle muttering imprecations under his breath. He was looking for trouble, and, as is usually the case, he got it. He dropped into the seat beside his wife, who was small and quite pretty. She appeared afraid of him, but remonstrated with him in regard to his conduct.

'Shut up," he growled, like a cur, and then without the least provoca tion or warning, he struck her the cheek with his open hand,

Chency had learned never to interfere in a wordy war between man and woman, but when a blow was struck, then it as time for action. Like a flash he went up the aisle. Leigh was a larger man than Chency, but Cheney's muscles were like bands of steel. His life and training were good, and he knew self-defense from A to He caught Mr. Leigh by the back of his coat, jerked him out of the seat and shook him like a terrier does a rat. With a feeling of disgust Cheser threw Leigh into an unoccupied seat across the lale and said to him: Do that again, and by the eternal

capture of Jim Fleishman, | I'll thrash you until you can't see! Leigh was really too drunk to unpackage for six months. True, derstand what it all meant. The fall may have stunned him for a moment; anyway, he remained quiet and eventualty full into a deep sleep.

Mrs. Leigh was profuse in her thanks to Cheney, but begged him to se requiring delicacy, tact, be careful; Mr. Leigh would be very ugly when he awoke. In fact, she asked Cheney to change his location to another car. He wasn't that kind, however, and resumed his seat.

Leigh slumbered until about 2:30 and then awoke surly and mean. From his valise he took a fresh bottle of whisky; his supply seemed inexhaustible. By 3:30 he was again under the influence, and this time he was fighting mad. In the smoking compartment he corraled the porter and told that worthy that he (Leigh) was going to do Cheney.

The porter told Cheney, and that gentleman realized there was trouble ahead. He took his revolver from his satchel and dropped it in his outside coat pocket. The other passengers in the car were terrorized. The train crew, Pullman conductor and porter were under the spell of Leigh, the bad man. They all lacked nerve, so essential in dealing with such a character; all save Cheney, He had nerve; identy of it. He also had discretion valuable adjunct to nerve. He didn't want any trouble, wasn't looking for it, but if it came his way he

would not dodge it.

The former trouble with Leigh came to a climax when he slapped his wife's face, and when he was comfortably full he was ready for an other row. Leigh returned to his seat, but Mrs. I wigh tried to avoid trouble; she woulde't talk to him, but he grew londer in his imprecations and again struck her, this time not with his open hand, but with his clenched fist. The poor little woman screamed, and in an instant all was turmoil and confusion. Women shricked and the men (poor excuses they were) sat paralyzed. One surly drunken brute had the car under his thumb. From the liquor-maddened Leigh all semblance of reason or humanity fied, and once more he raised his hand to strike the little woman so unfortunate as to be his wife. Cheney at the first sign of trouble, went down the car again and seized Leigh's uplifted hand in a grip of steel. He swung him around expression was not very prepossess- and struck him a stinging blow. All ing, and something told Cheney to the blood in Cheney's body was in his reduced to submissiveness. had been trouble enough for one day, The card read "Fred Leigh," and and Cheney dragged Leigh to the car ahead, and told him if he came back again he'd get worse than a thrashremembered the address given was in ing. Poor Mrs. Leigh again begged Cheney to leave the car, to leave the leans. He also had heard of a "bad train, because Mr. Leigh would eventually get even with him. So far only physical force had been used. When Mr. Leigh returned she was afraid he would shoot. Cheney reassured her. and things quieted down, and then the

When Cheney so unceremoniously put Leigh out of the Magenta, he read a sharp lecture to the train crew, and threatened to report them all if they allowed Leigh to return. They promfreely, and several times was engaged, ised not to do so. Leigh fell into another stupor lasting longer than the first one. When he awoke he sat for some time turning things over in his mind. Through the drunken have came memories of a fracas; there had been a scream, and then something The next morning Leigh resumed hit him. His hand felt the bruise on his face-who did it? Who? Who? Why was he here with that brakeman sitting opposite? All at once there came the memory of a young man with dark hair and complexion and two steely gray eyes. He was the man that had humiliated him. Twice that day had he reduced him to senselessness. It wasn't a time for fists; something stronger must be used. He reached in his pocket and out came his flask. A long pull put false courage into his heart. In the other pocket was his six shooter. In all his life he had never been beaten; he was always the bully. Everyone in that train was afraid of him, except Cheney. Apparently the brakeman was watching him, had been put there by the conductor for that purpose; but when that man remonstrated Leigh felled him with a blow. Drawing his revolver, he started back.

to sleep.

"Stand back, everybody!" he shouted, brandishing the gun. There was no need for his command, because "everybody" had ducked under his seat. Leigh's progress was unimpeded, and he stepped out on the platform between his car and the Magenta. In those days the view of the interior of a Pullman was not obstructed free; each end as now, The gentlemen's smoking room was in me. He's a damned cur, Judge Emthe rear, and the ladies' room, a small cubby hole, at the forward end.

Leigh could see the entire car, and myself plain, judge?" whisky had utterly dethroned his reason. All he wanted was to kill Cheney, to avenue the blow that had stand our customs." caused the big lump on his chin. He "I understand enough of decency's hadn't any more sense than a mad customs to thrash a cur when I see

window at the top. At the first shot everyone in the sleeper got down be-hind seats, and the women screamed, that is those that didn't faint. Chever, jumped up and saw outlined be-hind the glass in the door the blear-There was no whisky in Cheney's veins to disarrange his aim. The train was lurching from side to side as he fired, once, twice, and then the face of Leigh disappeared. "This might be a ruse," thought Cheney, "to enable him to reload his sixshooter." He seized the bell rope and brought the train to a standstill, The conductor came back and found Leigh on the front platform of the Magenta with a bullet wound through the fleshy part of his pistol arm. It was more painful than serious, and had caused him to drop his revolver. He was helpless, and knew it.

Of course Cheney was a govern ment officer, and could have arrested Leigh then and there, but to have done so would have revealed his identity, and the mission Cheney was on precluded that.

Leigh was taken up in the baggage car a prisoner. His bravado was gone, so was his revolver; that made him tame, and he was not an object of fear any longer. Cheney made the conductor wire a complaint to the chief of police in New Orleans, asking him to have a detail meet the train on its arrival.

Once more Mrs. Leigh begged Che ney not to have anything to do with her husband. In New Orleans he was all powerful, and would do Cheney harm. But the colonel only smiled and assured Mrs. Leigh he would take care of himself.

At 11 o'clock the train pulled into the old station, and Leigh was turned over to the police. Chency said he would make the complaint and appear in the morning. Leigh said nothing, and it was noticed he seemed particularly confident of the out-

Cheney spent the night at the Gulf City hotel, registering as Albert Gallatin, of Baton Rouge. The next day when Leigh's case was called, Cheney told his story, but was surprised to note that not one of the other witnesses was present. Neither was Mrs. Leigh. It was soon apparent to Cheney that Leigh was in the hands of his friends. Some all-powerful influence was at work in his favor, and the judge dismissed the case. Cheney returned to the hotel and rested for awhile. About noon he came down to the lobby, and Ed. Sweet, the proprietor of the hotel, came to him.

"Mr. Gallatin, are you armed, sir?" "Why no, not now. Why?" asked

"Fred Leigh has been in here and made some ugly threats against you. I don't want any man murdered in my house. Here's my gun."

"Thank you," said Cheney, with his inevitable smile. "I'll get my own gun, though I confess I think Mr. Leigh's threat is mostly talk." "Well, you gave it to him good on

the train, and he deserved it all. But here he's king of the gambling element. Any number of thugs and bulbetter be prepared." "Again I thank you," said Cheney

I'll be here for a day or so, and will keep my eyes open for Mr. Leigh." That afternoon while Cheney was in his room a card was brought to him bearing the name of Judge W. H.

motion of the car gradually fulled him Emery. "Show him up," was the terse or der to the negro bell boy.

Chency was standing in the middle of the room, his right hand resting carelessly in his coat pocket. But at the same time he was grasping his revolver, and when Judge Emery came in he was covered. Chency was ready for any emergency.

The judge was a typical southerner, and occupied a place on the city bench. He was not long in making his mission known.

"You are Mr. Gallatin, I presume,

"At your service, Judge Emery." "Well, suh, Ah come as the representative of Mr. Frederick Leigh. with whom yo' had an altercation last night. We realize, of co'se, that you are a perfect stranger in these parts. and we are willing to provide you with seconds. Mr. Leigh demands the satisfaction of a gentleman, suh."

"You mean a duel?" said Cheney, smilling. "Exactly, suh," replied the judge,

stroking his goatee. "Yo' are the challenged party, suh; what weapons do you choose?"

"Well, Judge Emery," drawled Cheney, "I've never fought a duel in my life. I don't know much about such affairs, but I believe I am right in assuming that only gentlemen indulge in such-er-sport?

"Yes, suh, both parties must be gentlemen, to be shuah."

"Well, then," said Cheney, and this time his words came forth like the be sure. crack of a rifle, "there can be no | Several hundred New York girls duel between Leigh and me. A gentleman never strikes a woman, and I now regret I did not injure him more seriously. I've been told, sir, that Mr. Leigh has made threats against ery, and I'll kill him on sight. That will be his satisfaction. Do I make

"Purfectly, suh, purfectly; but I fear you do not thoroughly under-

dog. Not waiting to open the door, him. The interview is ended, he commenced firing through the glass said Cheney, bowing him out. The interview is ended, judge,"

Here was a pretty mons. Cheney ness, and if he became involved in a row with this Leigh, his identity ney heard the shot and crash of glass. He had full command of the faculties the minute he opened his eyes, and knew the "bad man" was again on the war path. He grabbed his revolution would give him a good rap over the knuckles, and, mayhap, dismiss him. The affair must be settled. miss him. The affair must be settled. and settled quickly. Chency knew Leigh to be a coward at heart; but eyed Leigh wfidly firing his gun he was in his own balliwick, entrenched round about by the gambling element. Alone, he would be nothing to fear; with this crowd back of him. he would be everything. Leigh had no respect for law; he was an open violator of it every day. But he had reckoned without his host.

At this time a reform mayor and chief of police were trying to break up this criminal ring. Chency didn't know either one of them, and did not want to reveal his true self; unless it was absolutely necessary. But he did Only Way in Which Real Progre know a man named Jim Welch, who, during the civil war, had been one of Forrest's raiders. Weich had done some work for the secret service after the war, and Cheney sent for him to come to the hotel. Welch came, and Cheney told him the story.

"Well, now, Jack, Ah reckon w can fix that up. Just put yo' gun in yo' pocket, foh sudden emergencie an' we'll go up an' see Pat Boland, chief of police. He's a square chap, an' bates Leigh's gang like the devil hates holy water."

Cheney and Welch met Boland in the city hall, and when the chief heard the story he was wroth. "Go on out and kill the snake, and I'll

promise you won't even be-locked up. the woman who realizes when she has Leigh is yellow all through, and won't meet you alone."

"I don't want to kill him," said Chency, "although the hound richly deserves it. But I guess with Welch here to back me, I can give him enough to last for awhile. "All right," replied Boland; "if you

want any more help, let me know." And with that Cheney and Welch left. When they got outside Cheney sur

prised Welch by giving him his revol-"What's that fob, Jack?" asked

Welch, "Yo' may need this." "No I won't. All I want you to do is to stand off the gang, and I'm going to give Leigh the best thrashing he ever received. I don't want the hound's blood on my hands."

"Well, Ah'll keep the gang off. Nevah you fear, old man," drawled

Cheney bought a good, stout rawhide, and then started after his man. Leigh was down in Canal street surrounded by a crowd of his heuchzien. His wound of the previous night was not bothering him "t all. and he had regaled his gang with what he was going to do to "Gallatin" when they met. Suddenly Cheney and Welch appeared in their midst, and Welch swung two six-shooters front of the gang.

"Stand back, gen'lemen. We doan' want no interference heah at all," Cheney in the meantime had graband given it a wrench well nigh bone-breaking in its force, and then with the rawhide he thrashed Leigh until he begged for mercy. Above the sound of the swishing of the cowhide, as the whip rose and lies are ready to do his bidding. You'd fell with stinging force, he could hear Ben Welch's drawling roice say:

"Keep back, gen'lemen, keep back, or Ah'll make some work for the undertakers."

This admonition was not necessary. for the gang were disgusted with the behavior of their so-called leader. He made no effort to defend himself. but yelled to Cheney to stop.

"Say you are a damned coward!" said Cheney, pausing with whip upraised.

"I'm a damned coward," gasped the thoroughly cowed Leigh. Anything to stop the avalanche of blows. All this time Leigh had a six-shooter in his hip pocket. Chency took it, and then flung Leigh from him. Turning to the crowd, he quietly said:

"Any of you gentlemen want to take this up?" "No, suh," said one; "Ah reckon

no one heah wants to tackle yo'. Yo' are too much lak' a buzz saw."

Leigh had sneaked away like a whipped dog, and thus ended his tam-

"Jack," said Welch, "Ah guess we'll go get Pat Boland an' have a julep." And they did.

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PRACTICE AND THEORY.

A celebrated anatomist states that the waists of English girls are growing smaller and those of American girls larger.

Scientists are theorists in nine cases out of ten. Their word remains undisputed for want of evidence.

This, however, is too important a What we statement to overlook. want are facts.

We are at present making a careful examination to ascertain the truth We are doing the thing personally to

were first selected. Tall handsome blondes were picked out. Each one was examined separately. The arm was exclusively used-except in some cases where both arms were necessary.

This is a preliminary report. We have been so busy that up to date we have not had time to get the exact

can say that the waist of the average American girl is all right. It vields readily under pressure, and will sustain about 200 pounds to the square



Know What You Have to Do

AND WHAT TO LEAVE UNDONE. IS GOOD ADVICE.

Can Be Made in the Science of Housekeeping-Stop Wasting Energy.

A friend once told me that the finest compliment her husband ever gave her was: "My dear, you are a sane housekeeper."

This little woman had the right appreciation of the value of such an opinion, for it is the sane housekeepers only who are making real progress in the science of good housekeeping.

It is the woman who knows what to do and what to leave undone; the woman who never plans a day's work she is incapable of accomplishing; reached the limit of her strength and rests, writes Ellen Bergh in the Boston Herald

The old idea is fast becoming a thing of the past, that "Man's work is from sun to sun, But woman's work is never done."

Nowadays women take a quiet moment as they dress in the morning and plan the day's work and live up to it. If they do this they will generally have time for a little rest of some kind. This reminds me of a busy housewife who said to me: "I don't get a chance to go out very much, for when I'm through with my work I just want to rest." If she knew when her work was done she had solved one problem

If one wish of mine could be granted for the new year, it would be that I might be inspired to send such a message to the home-makers that the drudgery of housework will become a dreading-just do.

pleasure; that the wrinkled be care and anxiety will disappear love guiding the work; that the d corners of the mouth will often into a smile as desire takes the of duty; that the words of compliand irknows responsibility are clies by the spirit of joy in everything

I tell you truly the time K sang of is here and now.

"And only the Master shall braine; And no one shall work for money, And no one shall work for money, And no one shall work for fame; But each for the joy of the works

If you put joy into your work, your face and into your voice, money, the fame, the reward surely come. Perhaps not in just the way you planned, but the fruits of the spirit will be there, and life to you will be thrice worth the living. M fame, reward, can give no

The great desire I have to aid you in your daily life resolves itself into

nessage for the new year: Take your regular routine work as a matter of course; not for one is stant dread anything you have to do; stop dreading, go right at it as a man

Practice this with the simplest round of household duties, and the evening will find you fresh as a young

I knew of a woman who ex enough energy dreading to clean lamps each day to do a week's was her to clean them at just such a tis each morning. All the afternoon she kept thinking, "Oh, what is it is so nice? Oh, yes, the lamps are all cleaned." She derived enough enjoy-ment out of this to rest her more than an hour in a rocking chair.

Half of life's ills are fancied.

Reminds One of Small Duties

formerly multiple property formerly formerly for

Here's a Useful Memorandum Slate and Cotton Holder.

If there is a blouse or any other



forget it, but the little odds and ends of mending are often overlooked. and a loose button or a piece of ed with liquid gold.

torn braid may remain displaced for weeks, and cause the wearer noyance each time the article worn, not because there is no time to repair it, but for want of re bering at a convenient time. a slate upon which to make a note of these little duties, and fitted up with needles, pins, and cotton, would b a great convenience and help to ory. Our illustration gives an ple of how this might be done. Choone of the unbreakable variety, w a white cardboard-like surface which a lead pencil will write, to completely cover it and go to the other side, using coloriess glue for the purpose. Stitch upon the two upper corners tiny round cush and fix reels upon the bottom with a length of ribbon-covered This must be firmly sewn at end, and finished with bows of ril The words "Things to Mend" m be painted or worked. In the latter case the ribbon would have to be broldered before pasting it on frame. Instead of covering with ribbon, the frame of the slate might be enameted some pretty color, or paint

Enjoyable Doll's House Party

Little Ones.

Little children of eight or nine, and even some bigger girls of ten or 12, are fond of playing with paper dolls, so It was a bright thought that came to one little hostess to give a Doll's House Party in order to amuse her young friends.

This is how the entertainment was given-and it was such a complete success that instead of dolls' house parties being quite a novelty, as they are at present, they should soon be come quite popular. First of all the little girls were invited to tea, from five to eight. On arriving they were received by their hostess and her mother, and when they had all assem bled, the latter read them some short stories, new stories or old favorites.

as preferred. When the reading was over, the children were asked to illustrate one of the stories by making a dolls' house and inviting the other children to visit the home of the "story book people." A large cardboard box was given to each child, arranged for a two-story house, and pictures of furniture, curtains, rugs, etc., cut from shop catalogues, were put in boxes on the ta ble so that each child could che her own furniture. The dolls the selves were cut from fashion catalogues and illustrated papers, and each child was asked to select her own

and scissors until tea time, and then they left off playing to go into the dis-

Entertainment Vantly Pleasing to the ing room, where a dainty repast, with plenty of cakes, fruit and bi awaited them. They were all es to get back to their dolls, though, to get back to their dolls, though, and were told that they could have half an hour longer to complete

> At the end of the half-hour a co mittee of grown-up people voted to the best house, and a prize of a bi scrap book was given to its le builder.

The plan of entertainment ca course, be varied and even imp upon; for instance, no party need given at all; but here is an idea wi will be welcomed by many a mother whose anxious cry is: "What shall I do to amuse the little ones?"

Perhaps the most highly favor muff style of the year is large, and square.

BORDER: CROSS-STITCH.



sed by itself or with